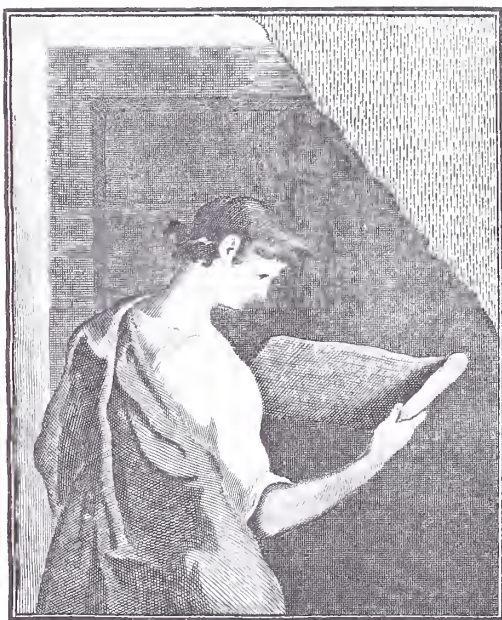


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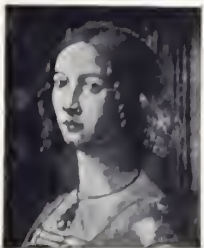
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PART 95, THE ISSUE FOR

November

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MASTERS IN ART PLATE X
PHOTOGRAPH BY SRA JN. CLIMENT & CO
[1900]

BRETON
THE SONG OF THE LAUREL
ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO



Jules Breton painted his own portrait twice, once as a young man, and this in 1895, when he was nearly seventy years old. It is unmistakably the type of an artist, and gives us a very good idea of the kindly, benevolent painter of peasants in his later years. It belongs to the Museum at Antwerp.

Jules-Adolphe-Aimé Louis Breton

BORN 1827: DIED 1906
FRENCH SCHOOL

ONE of the most popular painters of the French school of the nineteenth century was Jules Breton (pronounced Brě-ton'), who was born on the first of May, 1827, in the town of Courrières in the province of Pas-de-Calais, formerly known as Artois. Jules was the second of four sons. His father was steward of the estates of the Duc de Duras and away from home much of the time. His mother died of consumption when he was very young, her end hastened by the death of her only daughter, a fair-haired, blue-eyed child, two years younger than Jules, of whom he held a dim picture in his mind swinging from a ladder and singing a song in a sweet, childish voice.

He recalls how his mother's image came back to him when he saw certain colors and smelt certain odors. "Then," he says in his 'Life of an Artist,' "I saw again her languid beauty, her sweet pale face, her mouth expressing mingled melancholy and goodness, and her deep-set brown eyes circled with dark shadows, that shone with so tender a light under their white lids. . . . Again I see the straw hat trimmed with wild flowers, and the red and yellow shawl you wore in your languid walks in the garden where you were soon to bid farewell to the flowers you loved and that beheld you die!"

The children were evidently allowed to run at large in the fields and gardens, and the artist in his autobiography gives us in the opening chapters a delightful view of the garden of his childhood's home, and thereby unconsciously reveals his great and innate love of the country and rural life. "I have seen many magnificent gardens," he writes, "but never one that could make me forget my father's garden — for me the first and only garden. . . . A true French garden with its vegetable-beds and its flower-borders. . . . Here, among the flowers and the insects, my first sensations, my first reveries, had birth."

M. Vachon has so well characterized the family life and youth of the artist that we quote from him at some length: "His father's home was gay and joyous, with a patriarchal physiognomy. There was a maternal grandmother, widow of a country doctor, an old uncle who through devotion to the family taste for science and letters had given up a commercial life to become instructor of the children, two domestics, an old soldier of the Empire and his

wife, a gardener, and numerous people who came in by the day to assist in the work of the household. The father had organized a municipal band; the uncle, a chorus of young girls, who filled, each week, the house and the village with clamorous harmonies. At the patronal fêtes and at the *ducasses*¹ the relatives and friends arrived in crowds at Courrières, assured of a most cordial hospitality, and all abandoned themselves to the veritable nights of Gamache. The childhood of the future painter of peasants passed thus, entirely in the midst of gaiety, affection, and tenderness, with the liberty and exuberance of life in the fields.

"At ten, his father put him *en pension* in a little seminary in the neighborhood, where he passed three monotonous and useless years, which the study of drawing, that he insisted upon, alone made supportable to him; for, since he had seen an old painter work in the house, who came at each spring season to whitewash some Chinese figures and to retouch the panels and the decorations above the door, Jules Breton had declared that he would become a painter and win renown.

"He quitted the seminary for the college of Douai, and continued to study drawing there in a serious manner under the guidance of an old painter, who was not without talent and who, following provincial traditions, had continued to work at his profession with pride and conscience in the modest town where he was born.

"During the vacations of 1842, an incident occurred which must have had upon the life of Jules Breton a decisive influence to give scope to his vocation for art. In his remembrances, the master has recounted the incident with communicative emotion:

"One evening, we, my brothers and I, were united around the family lamp when a stranger entered our dining-room, accompanied by M. D——, a notary whom we knew.

"He was draped in an ample black cloak, and wore a long and thick beard such as we had never seen at our house. He had a striking and beautiful head, straight nose very slightly *retroussé*, the arch of the brow very prominent, and heavy eyebrows, raised towards the temples, shaded deep blue eyes. His handsome face was burnt a deep tan.

"This unlooked-for apparition made a great impression on us. This man, at first sight, answered very well to the idea I had formed of a bandit chief. The explanation of M. D—— apprised us that we had to deal with M. Felix de Vigne, painter-professor at the Academy of Ghent. Learned archæologist at the same time, he had just published his *vade mecum* of the painter, a collection of costumes and arms of the Middle Ages, and was preparing a work upon the corporations of the trades of Flanders."

He had heard that the artist's uncle had a book on French costumes of different periods, and had made this visit with the object of asking permission to see it. The four volumes with their colored plates had been the delight of Jules and his brothers. The painter opened it at random at a place where

¹ The annual fête held on the patron saint's day in Flanders and some provinces of France.

Charlemagne is represented in the costume of the fifteenth century. A little disgusted, he closed the book and soon took his leave.

"A painter!" writes Breton. "That was a painter! Ah, if I had dared to retain him! to declare to him my passion! Perhaps he would have decided my relatives . . . but a stupid timidity had closed my mouth. He had departed. I returned sadly to college, where I returned to the Florentine and the evening visit of De Vigne, making for myself a romantic ideal which my imagination saw again more and more shadowy."

During the vacation of 1843 his uncle, returning from Lille, by chance met De Vigne in a railway-carriage, and spoke to him of Jules. In order to bring the artist to the house, his uncle generously ordered his portrait painted. De Vigne took only a mediocre satisfaction in Jules's drawings from the cast, although he had just received the first prize for them at college, but was much more interested in the lad's pencil-portraits and landscape sketches after nature. He consented to take Jules on a three months' trial. The delighted boy went to his room, threw his schoolbooks at the ceiling till they fell in tatters, and threw into the fire his vacation tasks. In October, then, of 1843, he arrived in Ghent; he took the regular courses at the Royal Academy under the clever instruction of Vanderhert, a mediocre painter but good teacher, who inspired his pupils with an ardent enthusiasm for the best works of the Old Masters. Breton also took private lessons in painting from De Vigne. Three years later, in 1846, the young art-student left Ghent and went to Antwerp to study at the Academy of Fine Arts under Baron Wappers, where he spent a great deal of his time in the churches and museums, absorbing much by contemplation and study. At the end of the year he fell ill, and was obliged to return to Courrières to recuperate. On his recovery the family decided to send him to Paris to complete his art studies.

It was a question in his father's mind with whom to place him. Therefore, on the day after their arrival Jules and his father went to consult a compatriot, one of the guardians of the Louvre, who said that Jules must study with a member of the Institute, and advised Drolling, because he had known a former care-taker in his studio. "When, my portfolio under my arm, always accompanied by my father, I timidly knocked at the door of his studio," writes Jules Breton, "it was Drolling in person who opened the door for us his palette in hand. He wore a woolen jersey and a red Greek cap, as his pupil Biennoury has represented him. His frank manner and air of a good child, a little morose, and his large white mustache made him resemble more a retired officer than an artist. Under that aspect, I presented a brave front and was emboldened to speak. I opened my portfolio, which contained, besides some drawings and still life in my manner, a torse painted by one of the strongest of the Antwerp Academy. . . . That flamboyant torse, which resembled an *omelette aux confitures*, at first revolted my future patron. 'Do you see that?' cried he. 'It is horrible!' Happily, I could say that that was not mine. I then put under his eyes a picture of still life which I had painted at De Vigne's studio without attaching much importance to it there, and which I had never had the pride to compare with the height of the Antwerp *ragoût*.

"His face changed its expression immediately: 'Yours, that! that!' said he to me; 'but it is painted like an angel!' It is painted like an angel! With what sweetness that phrase fell upon the good ear of my father who, as I now, was deaf in one ear."

His father died about a year later and so did not live to see his son's successes.

At Drolling's studio were Baudry, Henner, Timbal, Bertinot, Jules Valadon, Ulmann, Emile Sintain, Feyen-Perrin, and others. The young lad was very homesick in spite of everything until his younger brother came to study chemistry in Paris and lodged with him. At one time he contemplated taking lessons with Ary Scheffer, and then with Robert-Fleury, but the revolution of 1848 was a cause of financial ruin to the family. After the death of the Duc de Duras his father speculated in forests. Everything at Courrières was sold, even the furniture. One of the sons went into military service; Jules and his younger brothers, the brewer and the painter, Emile, set to work in earnest to create a position for themselves.

Perhaps the first picture that Jules Breton painted was 'St. Piat preaching to the Gauls,' which his loyal Courrières was glad to possess; but the first picture which he exhibited at the Salon was in 1849, entitled 'Misery and Despair.' As one critic says, "It does not rise above the sentimental anecdote." This, as well as the 'Famine,' exhibited the next year, was inspired by the Revolution of 1848, of which Breton was a witness. His true début was in 1853, with 'The little Gleaner.' It was his first composition taken from life in the fields of Artois.

"I made a little gleaner pose for me one day upon a flowery bank near a field of wheat," recounts our artist. "She turned her face in the shadow, her bonnet and shoulder in the sun. I painted her with a secret joy. I will not say how enchanted I was with the harmony of that brown, vigorous profile upon the tawny straw, where the lilac-blossoms ran; of those warm reflections of the earth; of those violet tones in the blue sky; of those little flowers and tender branches; — all that enchanted me."

He had already sent his 'Encampment of Bohemians in the Ruins of the Abbey of St. Bavon' to the Exposition of Brussels when his brother Louis advised him to send 'The Little Gleaner' also, which had been laid by forgotten in a corner. It was the last day that pictures could be received. Fortunately, an old frame, somewhat soiled, which just fitted, was found in the garret. When Jules Breton attended the Exposition what was his surprise to find his 'Bohemians' badly hung, but 'The Little Gleaner' in a place of honor.

He now realized that his vocation was not historical painting, but the genre of the fields, the life of the peasants of Artois, which he loved so well. He settled definitely in his native town, and henceforth he never departed from this style of subject, excepting in 1863, when he received a commission for a picture representing the 'Consecration of the Church of Oignies,' ordered by the founders of the church, which is said to be of little interest although of good execution. 'The Little Gleaner' was followed by the 'Return of the

Harvesters,' and to the Salon of 1850 he sent three canvasses, 'The Gleaners,' 'The Day after St. Sebastian's Day,' and 'Little Peasant Girls telling their Fortunes,' which brought him a third-class medal. But his first great success was 'The Benediction of the Wheat in Artois' (see plate I), exhibited in the Salon of 1857. "Before its public exposition this picture had made a sensation in the world of artists," writes M. Vachon. "Gérôme, Corot, Billy, etc., were congratulating the young painter, as well as Troyon, who was already celebrated." "One morning," recounts the master, "a man of great size knocked at my door, having a slightly rustic aspect. 'I am Troyon,' said he to me. 'They have spoken to me of your picture and I wish to see it.' One understands my alacrity to push forward a stool for him, whereon he sat down. He looked at the canvas a long time, a very long time, without opening his mouth. This silence disquieted me, and I hazarded to ask his advice, when he arose brusquely and squeezed my hand, manifesting total satisfaction. And as I insisted that he should make some useful criticisms, he replied: 'Yes, there are some faults, but you will correct them sufficiently soon, and that will be perhaps so much the worse.'"

M. de Nieuwerke, superintendent of the Beaux-Arts, himself bought directly from the artist 'The Benediction of the Wheat' for the sum of five thousand francs, and caused it to be placed in the museum of the Luxembourg. Breton received for this a second-class medal, and in 1859, when he exhibited his next picture of importance, 'The Plantation of a Calvary,' now in the Museum of Lille, and 'The Gleaner' (see plate v), of the Luxembourg, a first-class medal. Again, both in 1861, when he exhibited 'The Fire,' 'Evening,' 'The Colza,' and 'The Weed-Gatherers,' and in 1867. The last picture is one of his most beautiful works, and was bought by Comte Duchâtel, who in 1864 ordered Jules Breton to paint a scene of the vintage from his famous estate of Château Lagrange at St. Julien, Médoc.

"This was for the artist the occasion ardently desired, to see the Midi and Provence," writes M. Vachon. "For some time — it is he himself who has made the confession — his Artois, his Courrières, his peasants, inspired him no longer. Under the pain of sterility he must go seek elsewhere new sources of emotion. In his dreams, he would have a glimpse of 'distant lands, all flooded with sun; of sublime landscapes whose inhabitants offered types of extraordinary beauty.' . . . During his sojourn in Medoc he had not ceased to think of the promised land; Provence, the country where he was, did not offer to his imagination a remembrance of art, an evocation of the past which could enchant him, in spite of its beautiful sun. He did not love it at all." He accordingly visited the old city of the Popes, Avignon, and the shores of the Mediterranean. Although he was enchanted with the first olive-tree he saw bending its boughs before the mistral, he was only too glad to return to his native village, and on seeing it again, exclaimed, "There is the country which I fled."

Again, in 1865, he made a great success at the Salon with 'The Reader,' a little picture of genre, differing from most of his pictures in giving us a cottage interior; but especially in the 'End of the Day' (see plate viii), which was

immediately bought by Prince Napoleon. In 1867, 'The Return from the Fields' and 'A Spring near the Seashore,' besides two smaller pictures, brought him, besides a first-class medal, the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

But in 1865, after he had finished his 'End of the Day' he felt a strong desire to travel again, to go to Brittany. He had married, in 1858, a daughter of his old teacher, M. Felix de Vigne. This time he took with him his wife and daughter and passed three months at Douarnenez, making excursions into the environs, visiting the various Pardons. Again, in 1873, he made a second visit there, and these two sojourns gave him a new inspiration and furnished him with subjects for at least six large canvases painted from time to time, and numerous verse.

"The first in date of these moving works, where the pious country lives again in its robust faith and savage grace, is the 'Grand Pardon in Brittany' (see plate II) of 1869," writes M. Leprieur, "so profoundly thought out and of an effect so picturesque, with the long perspective of white caps which form a row before the procession." In 1870 appeared 'The Washerwomen off the Coasts of Brittany' and 'The Spinner;' but in 1872 he sent two very beautiful pictures to the Salon, 'Young Girl guarding the Cows,' and 'The Fountain,' which brought him the medal of honor. In 1875 he painted 'The Fires of St. John,' considered by some to be his masterpiece; but two years later, in 1877, he returned to a subject from Artois, 'The Gleaner' (see plate v), of the Luxembourg. At the Universal Exposition in 1878 he was well represented by some well-known canvases and some new subjects. Again, in 1882, he exhibited a very beautiful canvas, 'Evening in the Hamlets of Finistere.' "The mysterious approach of the night, the sad sweetness of the falling day, at the same time what elegance of Breton type, are expressed with a rare good fortune." Two years later he exhibited 'The Communicants' (see plate VII), "a quite poetic work, fresh and virginal." Now appeared many of those single figures, some of Breton peasants carrying tapers ready to start for a Pardon, which have been criticised as being too academic.

Jules Breton continued to paint almost up to the beginning of the new century. Among the most beautiful and important canvases from his hand are 'The Song of the Lark' (see plate x), of 1885; 'The Sifter of Colza,' 1886 (see plate IX); 'The End of Work,' 1887; 'Young Girls forming in a Procession;' 'The Shepherd's Star,' 1888 (see plate IV), and 'The Pardon of Kergoat,' 1891.

Besides being a noted painter, Jules Breton was an equally delicate and inspired poet, and has published two volumes of verse. The first, 'Les champs et la mer,' was published in 1875, after his second visit to Brittany; the second, 'Jeanne,' in 1880.

His has been a peculiarly quiet and in some ways uneventful life, happy in his home life and successful in his chosen profession. As he continued faithful to one manner of painting and one style of subject throughout an activity of half a century, perhaps his pictures in his later years attracted less attention at the Salons than those of younger and more original artists. From 1900 his mind and memory were affected and he produced no more works. He died at his home in the Rue de Longchamps, Paris, in the spring of 1906. In addi-

tion to the honors already mentioned which came to him, he was made a member of the Institute in 1882, and of the Academy des Beaux-Arts in 1886.

M. Vachon tells us how "he made one day the traditional pilgrimage to Italy; he saw, dazzled, charmed, moved, Florence, Genoa, Rome, Venice, etc.; he admired the immortal marvels; but even as Corot, Daubigny, Puvis de Chavannes, etc., the classic land of the arts, the simultaneous spectacle of its natural beauties and its *chefs-d'œuvre* had simply given him a more lively, more profound perception of antiquity and the Renaissance; the artist returned what he was at his departure — the rustic painter of Artois. The image of his native land has always and everywhere followed him, as that of a beloved woman follows the faithful lover; constantly she is interposed before his eyes, between the dream and the reality."

The Art of Breton

MARIUS VACHON

JULES BRETON*

THE painting of the master of Courrières is essentially subjective; it is an active state of his soul. Like a warm ray of sun in the spring, the soul takes from reality the poetry which it encloses and gives to it the form which suits it according to its ideal. The painter has never had other system than sentiment, other impulse than emotion, other determination than sincerity. Some one has said of him, very justly, "He listens to his heart, and he paints."

Jules Breton has received from the good fairies who surrounded his cradle the gift of enthusiasm and the passion of light. His visions are always poetic, grandiose, luminous. . . . The washerwomen, the gatherers of poppies, the weedeers, the shepherdesses, the girls who sift colza, who rake the hay nearby, appear to him more than simple peasant-women, for whom the work of the fields is rude and whose ideal rises but little above an increase in wages, a compliment from the master of the farm, or a smile from the lover. . . .

The poet, with Jules Breton, as well as the romancer, sees and thinks always in painting. In all his female portraits, the poems of the 'Champs et la mer,' of 'Jeanne,' of 'The Life of an Artist,' of the 'Peintre paysan,' and of 'Savarète' there are the effects of light and shade upon the countenances, in the hair, upon the clothes; the grand lines, noble and severe, which he loves to describe. His landscapes are rainbow-colored with dawns, empurpled with sunsets, and flame with estival fires. . . .

Victor Hugo wrote to him in 1875, after the publication of 'Jeanne,' superb rustic drama: "To be twice the poet; to be as Lamartine and as Corot; to be a poet both by the strophe and by the palette; — that has been given you."

From these high spheres of imagination where the fate of Icarus awaits him, the painter brings the poet back into the fields of Artois; the poppy replaces the asphodel; Mariette, Nausicaa. But if they are lacking in aureoles, nimbi, and floating azure robes, the peasant-women of his pictures are

more beautiful in their frank rusticity. The skirts of wool let us see their vigorous limbs; their open corsages of cotton show robust chests; their sleeves of brown linen are tucked up upon beautiful arms of bronze; and the wind disorders their hair above their vigorous necks, tanned by the rays of the sun.

"Reality does not conform at all to this conception of rustic life," objects a certain school of art which is characterized by naturalism. "There are more ugly than beautiful peasant women; agricultural work inspires less poetic gaiety than it entails common fatigues." All reality has its own plastic character, sad or gay, gracious or terrible, beautiful or ugly. The artist, by instinct, chooses the reality of which the character responds the better to his temperament, and of which it becomes the reflection; the sincerity and the vivacity of his emotion make the originality and the force of the subject which he represents. . . .

Jules Breton studies rustic life from the point of view that his profound love of nature and his observations of the works of the fields has shown him the most exact and the most suggestive of artistic emotions — the beauty of beings and of things, in that sense that their normal function has conformed to the laws of their development. Ugliness and misery have appeared to him as an accident, as a loss, consequences of vice and abuse; it is not normal to be deformed, broken, crooked, sickly. If the masculine type is an exception in the work of Jules Breton, if all his preferences go to the feminine type, it is that the first has not seemed to him to unite in making decorative elements the essential conditions, requisitions, which the latter possesses and offers in consequence of its beauty, grace, and natural elegance. By this esthetic rule, Jules Breton differs completely from Millet, with whom he is often compared as a painter of peasants. Their origin, education, and existence explain why they have seen, understood, and loved nature in a manner to pass one for a realist and the other for an idealist, being equally sincere, convinced, and passionate.

We know what has been the life for the master of Courrières: sweet, calm, without sorrowful struggles against a cruel fate; where, from his début, success and honors have come to the artist. The master of Barbizon, himself, was born on the shore of the rough sea, under a constantly gray sky, in a country "desolate and terrible." . . . The paternal house is a true farm, with thatched roof, with walls of clay and black pebbles, pierced by few and narrow windows which let pass only a somber light. Oldest of the sons, he has been the aid of his father; he has mowed, labored, harvested, beat in the barn with the flails, and worked at the end of his arm the heavy sieves. "As I have never in my life seen anything but the fields," he wrote to a friend, "I endeavor to say as I think, that which I have seen and tried when I was working there." At Barbizon he has lived, sabots on his feet; upon his head a straw hat, broken open by the rains; coarsely clad; in a poor house, whose garden, cultivated by his own hands, offered only vegetables necessary for the nourishment of his own family. Under the permanent influence of remembrances so cruel, Millet has chosen in rustic life the side of strife, of suffering, and has wished to see there only the grandeur and poetry of work, misery, and sorrow.

And as solitude and meditation, like to dreams, awake remembrances and sensations, the two masters have exaggerated in their sense of the ideal, have painted a peasant almost superhuman — one in the joy of living, the other in the resignation of suffering. In the luminous twilight which increases and transfigures everything, the imagination of Jules Breton shows to him in the washerwoman and gleaners, Rebeccas and Ceres; that of Millet made him say to himself: "You see those things which move yonder, in the shade; they creep or walk; but they exist; they are the geniuses of the plain. They are, however, only some poor people. It is a woman all bent, without doubt, who carries her burden of grass; there is another who creeps along exhausted under her fagot of wood. Afar, they are superb, they balance their shoulders under fatigue, the twilight envelops their forms; it is beautiful, it is grand as a mystery. . . ."

At the distribution of awards of the Exposition of 1867 Millet and Breton were seated side by side; they talked of their art and their ideals. "We are both seeking infinite nature," said the master of Barbizon, summing up his thought. "We are free to follow the furrow which we love, preferring, you, the convolvulus in the wheat, and I the rude potatoes."

For artists, as for the public, his work must be the eloquent demonstration that the study of life is the true source of originality and grandeur; that acquaintance with the peasant gives to those who know how to see and comprehend them, because they love them, the revelation of all that there is of the beautiful, robust, sane, and generous in them; that a superficial contact permits one only to perceive in them the illusion of grossness and ugliness.

If, according to a contemporaneous definition of beauty in art, it is correct that a painting is beautiful in the measure of the intelligence which it supposes, of the intensity of emotion which it expresses, and of the power of suggestion which it contains, the author of 'The Blessing of the Wheat,' of 'The Dance of the Fires of St. John,' of the 'Return of the Gleaners,' of 'The Fountain,' of the 'Washerwomen on the Coasts of Brittany,' of the 'End of the Day's Work,' and of the 'Grand Pardon in Brittany,' etc., has produced a work of great beauty.—ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH

JULES CLARÉTIE 'L'ART ET LES ARTISTES' FRANÇAIS CONTEMPORAINS

M. JULES BRETON, more than any person, has . . . known how to impress his personality upon his painting. Like an effeminate J. F. Millet he has devoted himself to paint the fields, the peasants, the peasant-women, the simple and productive pleasures of those countrysides of Artois where he was born.

"Artois with the gay slopes where the thistles abound!" He has gathered from the work of the fields, of the harvest, of the benediction of the wheat, of the work of the gleaners, a poetry truly personal. In a word, M. Jules Breton is somebody. But he has so greatly abused this same peasant-woman of his, charming, melancholy, a little tanned, a little dressed up,— and who, compared to the rude country people of Millet, resembles the "Champi" of George Sand put beside the wild animal, panting, sweating, and sublime, of whom

La Bruyère speaks,— he has, each year, presented with a jealous care the same personages to the admiration of the same people, that, this year (Salon of 1875), his better picture does not obtain the success which it merits and passes almost unperceived. There is there a striking example of that “specialization,” mother of lassitude, of which we were speaking just now.

This picture, excellent, too much disdained, is ‘The Saint John.’ . . . There was no need that M. Jules Breton should publish his volume of verse ‘The Fields and the Sea,’ for every one of those who have seen his pictures knew that their author was a poet. And never has that rustic poetry, penetrating and sweet, charmed us more than in this picture of ‘The Saint John.’ . . .

M. Jules Breton has tempered his manner, which consists in simply indicating the features, the contours of his figures, almost as one would make them in frescoes, or, better still, in glass windows, and in filling them afterwards with these kinds of silhouettes. This process, which is not at all without affinity with Japanese art and which the greater part of our young artists employ, the imitators of M. Jules Breton have acquired, grasping it with such skill that the public distinguishes no more the work of the master from that of the pupil. M. Pierre Billet was working, and still works this year, in the manner of Jules Breton, with a rare happiness of imitation. And that is indeed why Jules Breton has reacted against himself. He has stumped in his drawing, placed his customary figures upon his customary backgrounds; he has given them a grace and I would say voluntarily an unheard-of suavity. In all the pictures which he has exhibited up till now, has he painted so adorable a figure as that of the young dancer to the right who bends her robust and supple waist and, turning towards the public, shows it a ravishing countenance, bronzed as a muscat grape, and an Athenian profile under a fichu of a Picardy peasant, with a laugh the gayest, happiest, and most charming which could come from the lips of sixteen years?

Ah well, in spite of all these qualities, the public pays no attention to ‘The Saint John’ of M. Jules Breton. Although a striking thing, it is the fault of the painter. He has too much abused one identical note. He has repeated himself. He has given to his pictures that something of the “already seen” of which I have spoken, and which is mortal in a public exhibition. He has not piqued its curiosity; he has been content with perfecting the special genre to which he has, in all justice, owed his great success. We must praise, without doubt, one such artistic probity, but we must, at the same time, and in the same interest, regret that his talent had not in it more of variety and the unexpected.— ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH

R. G. KINGSLEY

‘A HISTORY OF FRENCH ART’

WHEN, however, we come to the work of the highly popular artist, Jules Breton, we feel at once that his pictures, charming as they are, lack the truth, the force, the power, that “truth which grasps,” in fine, the very qualities which make the work of the other artists of such extreme value to the art of the nineteenth century. Jules Breton is a painter of pleasant things,

of beautiful things — yet of things not as they are, but as they might be in some better world. We see that although there was a certain feeling for truth in some of his earliest pictures, such as the ‘Blessing of the Grain,’ this was cast aside for deliberate compositions. . . . His pictures are not pictures of real people in the joys and sorrows and hardships of their every-day life. They are not pictures of real people painted out-of-doors in the air and light of the country in which they live.

“To extract the ideal from the real, that is indeed the work of the artist, and what is that ideal in art, if it is not the essence of truth?” (*Charles Blanc*) It is the truth henceforth that we demand, not some pretty, untruthful idealism, from which we must sooner or later shake ourselves free; not a mere sordid imitation of the outside of things, but the greater truth, “the essence of truth,” which gives us not only the faithful rendering of the outer semblance, but the hidden spirit, that inner radiance which is life. . . .

His whole career has been one of remarkable success; for although he has devoted himself to the painting of pictures of the French peasant, he has always known how to conciliate the taste of the public. In color and composition, M. Jules Breton’s work is very beautiful and attractive. But his pictures are so evidently painted from carefully selected, well-arranged peasant models that they lack the ring of truth and conviction which the peasant pictures of Courbet, Millet, Bastien-Lepage, and Lhermitte convey.

JEROME DOUCET

‘LES PEINTRES FRANÇAIS’

IN 1853 Jules Breton exhibited his first true painting, the ‘Return of the Harvesters.’ As they say generally, he had found his vocation, his note — rustic life — and from that time he, happily, did not abandon it.

He must, after all, only follow the fatal law, that which rules every artist’s soul, every creator’s brain. As a child he loved to run in the fields, to hunt for birds’ nests, to lie in the grass under the trees or in the midst of the fields; he was, as so many others, impressed by the poetry which is gathered from the fêtes of the Catholic religion in the country; the communicants and the processions struck the eyes of the child, as decoratives and precious compositions; the manners of the peasants, the gambols of the cows, the silhouettes of the forests, left their impression upon his imagination, stored his memory: he saw the embroidered banners pass amidst the golden wheat; he heard the sacred music resounding in the country calling blessings from heaven upon the good things of the earth.

And all that, that is the painting of Jules Breton; his pictures are the translation of these subjects and the expression of these impressions; he has rendered with all the sincerity of life, all the truth of nature, that rustic existence, restful and comfortable. Jules Breton is a herdsman of Artois; he has remained the son of his soil, the celebrated and well-known son. . . .

All the canvases of Jules Breton class themselves in four series quite distinct and quite bound together by the same source which inspired them: Artois. It is the series of work, repose, religious fêtes and fêtes of the fields, and all rustic life is in fact condensed in the work of the artist, with its beauties, rudenesses, sadnesses, joys, its determined and invariable manifestations. . . .

One of the best works among so many superb ones is the 'Fires of St. John' (1875), which is considered as the *chef-d'œuvre* of the artist.

In 1865 Jules Breton departed for Brittany; he had imagined as feeling an irresistible attraction for that country "of monastic rusticity and mystic savagery," because he had in his veins some distant Breton blood. He returned again in 1873 to Brittany; he made there many sketches; he made there also a volume of verse, 'Les champs et la mer,' for Jules Breton, at the same time that he became the master of the life of the fields, was also a poet, captivated by the liveliness of the impressions which he experienced before nature.

The Breton series is analogous to that of Artois; the same divisions are found there, for rustic life is alike in all countries.

He made another journey and another series of landscapes, from 1862 to 1864, in traveling across Medoc and Provence; he had been called by Count Duchâtel to paint a scene of vintagers at the famous wine-estate, Château Lagrange, the glory of Médoc, his property.

For a moment, Jules Breton could think that this country of sun, of richness, would intoxicate him as the generous wine had intoxicated him; no, that was a phantasy, his native soil was too dear to his heart that he should forget Artois and the rural compositions of his début. It was a something enrooted, and there, perhaps, is the secret of his force and his tenacity. . . .

One could make of Jules Breton, not a criticism, but a light observation: the figures of men seem, *a priori*, very rare in his pictures, and the figure of woman, which dominates, which is very well known, is always chosen and singularly pretty, pleasing.

To that, Breton himself would reply: "I have the right to choose; I know that there is ugliness and even deformity, horrible misery, in the life of the fields as elsewhere, although more seldom, for misery is near the fecundity of the earth; but I know also that I am not obliged to paint these exceptions or these chances."

He has the right, as every artist, poet, romancer, painter or sculptor, to describe the things which appear to him most beautiful. One is not obliged to choose such or such subjects; one has even the right to systematically refuse them.

Man has seemed in general to Jules Breton less decorative, I mean man in his habitual clothes, for to the contrary, he has sought for priests with their stoles and their surplices; on the other hand, woman has seemed more gracious to him, pleasanter to look at; he has painted, above all, women; and among them, as he had the choice, he has taken, above all, young and pleasant figures, agreeable to look at. It was his right, and we cannot even imagine him following another path; for we remember that he is a poet and a literary man, and a true one. . . .

And to conclude, we remember that Jules Breton is also a prudent critic of art, that he has, with a lively pen, without malice, written a volume, the 'Artistes de mon temps,' which is a precious document for the judgment of canvases of this century, and a source of precious instruction. For Jules

Breton has known all the painters of this century, he has had access to them, and as his talent has made him the equal of all others, he could visit them as a comrade, as a friend. . . .

He grew old sweetly, surrounded by pupils who are his children, proud of the glory of Demont, of Virginie Demont-Breton, of Mme. Boyer-Breton.

He has read much, seen much, worked much; he is the son of his works, and his works represent an entire school; he is a master and his position is solid; nothing, neither fashion, nor novelty, will come to dethrone Jules Breton.— ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH

The Works of Breton

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE BENEDICTION OF THE WHEAT IN ARTOIS'

PLATE I

THE Benediction of the Wheat in Artois,' as we have seen, was Jules Breton's first great success. It was bought for five thousand francs by the Superintendent of the Beaux-Arts before its exposition, and has hung in the Luxembourg ever since. M. Vachon has most sympathetically described it, quoting first from Breton's own words as follows:

"There are those peasants who have smiled upon me in my childhood; they go, the head a little bent, the step lagging, murmuring psalms, the eye lost in the vague mysteries which do not trouble them at all; they go peaceful and in their Sunday clothes, upon the road where they have sweated at their labor, and which in this festal sun seems also to sing with its thousand blossoming little flowers; they go in the midst of the wheat, which holds erect its heavy blades, in the pure air, with its warm breath stirring the rose bell-flowers of the convovulus twined around its pale straw. . . ."

"The source of the charm and poetry of 'The Blessing of the Wheat' is less in the spectacle of native piety and simple faith of all the peasants who escort the priest, the bearer of the image of the Master of the world, than in the expression of the effects of the sun's rays, which gild the chasubles, the dalmatics, the surplices, capes, head-dresses, increasing the size of the figures by the contrast of light and shade, and which covers the plain with a brightness which we seem to expect, it is at the same time so profound, harmonious, and sweet, the murmur of life and of nature, upon which the psalms and the canticles send their notes dragging but shrill. The young girls who support upon their shoulders the statues of the Virgin and Saints, the singers, the choir-boys, the men who follow the Holy Sacrament, the women forming the procession or kneeling, are silhouetted in this brightness, in the manner of persons of a bas-relief, of whom there are the firm lines, accentuated and salient. The civil and religious vestments fall from their solid shoulders in sculptural folds, like the peplons, chlamys, and chitons of classic figures, on

the pediments of Greek temples, without those arrangements raising any of the conditions of ethnographical exactness and rustic simplicity demanded by the subject. They go, imploring only, for their thatched cottage, good fortune without disturbance, only daily bread in their work, health, and honor; they go thanking Providence, whose image they piously follow, that monst'rance which shines in the rays of the sun.

"How could this picture of youth, which has in it the freshness, grace, power of emotion, and poetry, be better described than by these images of light, serenity, calm, and harmony?"

The canvas measures about four by eight feet, is signed and dated, "Jules Breton, à Courrières, 1857."

'THE GRAND PARDON IN BRITTANY'

PLATE II

"IN 1869, Jules Breton painted 'The Grand Pardon in Brittany,' and in 1891, 'The Pardon of Kergoat,'" writes M. Vachon. "These two pictures, of vast dimensions, mark in his work the period of complete development of the evolution which the 'Plantation of a Calvary' had begun. The artist was highly ambitious of making the great crowds manœuver with exactness, of expressing in a manner striking to the eyes and the imagination, by the character of the physiognomies minutely analysed, the attitudes, movements, sentiments, which animate them, the emotions which inflame them."

The criticism by M. Paul Mantz in an article on the Salon of 1869 is most interesting by way of comparison: "The fatality of alphabetical order has placed by the side of the 'Protestant Marriage' (by M. Brion) the 'Pardon' of M. Breton. An interesting comparison is thus established between two painters whose fidelity is equal and who, by different qualities, hold a good rank in the school. The mystics would have said well that sentiment is everything; it is visible here that the question of execution is not the least in the world a secondary question. In the neighborhood of M. Brion, M. Breton is a weak painter. A stronger coloration, a better combination of clear and rich tones, the wholesome pride of a more generous brush, would singularly augment the price of his picture. It is otherwise a work of rare merit. Those same people who have not an excessive taste for processions feel touched by the gathered conviction of those good Breton peasants who, taking the naïve image of a barbarous Christ for a walk through the country, advance candle in hand, and murmur litanies. On leaving the church, the women and children have ranged themselves in a row to let the procession pass, in which just now they were a part. In this group of old men with long locks, in that crowd of young girls with white caps, there are some heads of a very personal and very living character; all those brave men accomplish their pious pilgrimage with a sincere devotion, and in this respect the picture of M. Breton is the most religious picture in the Salon. The author of the 'Pardon' has already touched on this order of subjects in the 'Plantation of a Calvary.' His talent, veiled with melancholy, seems moved by a sweet piety for those things where so many wounded hearts still seek the remedy."

This picture is hung to-day in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

'THE BRETON WOMAN'

PLATE III

HERE we have a half-length portrait of a Breton peasant which might have served as a study for one of the artist's great canvases of one of the 'Pardons' of that rugged picturesque corner of France. This beautiful young woman is seated apparently in church in a somewhat sentimental attitude, leaning against one of the stone-clustered columns, holding a long taper, her hands gently crossed in her lap, her lips slightly parted. Against the wall in the shadow a crucifix and lighted candle are dimly suggested. The beauty of the woman's features is enhanced by the picturesque costume. The values are excellent, the highest light falling on the bit of white at the neck of her dress and the white cap.

This picture belongs to the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington.

'THE SHEPHERD'S STAR'

PLATE IV

WE have here still another of those decorative figures in a landscape, so often painted by Breton. This dignified peasant might be a sister to 'The Gleaner' of the Luxembourg. There is the same serious expression in the face, the same droop to the lips, and the same sturdy figure, only she holds the sac upon her head with a much firmer grasp than the gleaner her sheaf of wheat. The relative values are well kept, the white blouse and the tip of the scythe catching the last rays of the departing day, for already it is twilight and darkness is overtaking this peasant-woman as she wends her way homeward with her burden. The evening star is faintly visible in the sky above the woman's shoulder, and this furnishes the title to the picture.

What M. Vachon says of our artist in another connection might well be quoted here — that he always adhered to the principle "that the human figure must always have preëminence, his nobility forbidding him to introduce it purely and simply as a picturesque element, as a pretext for effects of the twilight or of the sun."

This canvas was painted in 1888, and is now in the Art Institute, Chicago.

'THE GLEANER'

PLATE V

THIS picture was exhibited at the Salon of 1877, and hangs in the Luxembourg. Perhaps nothing will show just wherein Breton fails better than in Charles H. Caffin's¹ comparison of this 'Gleaner' with 'The Gleaners' of Jean François Millet (see *MASTERS IN ART*, Vol. I., Part 8):

"With what a proud carriage Breton's girl strides through the field! How painfully Millet's women are stooping! Their figures are clumsy, uncouthly clad, and you cannot see their faces. This girl, however, is dressed in a manner that sets off her strong and supple form; her face is handsome and its expression haughtily independent. As the meek women stoop, each carries one of her hands behind her back. If you imitate for yourself the action of leaning down and extending one hand you will find that the other has an involun-

¹ 'How to Study Pictures,' Chas. H. Caffin. Published by the Century Co.

tary tendency to go back in order to maintain the balance. This natural tendency of the human body to secure its balance by opposing direction of its parts is a principle that the best artists rely upon to produce a perfect poise of rest or movement in their figures.

"Now study the arms in Breton's picture. The left one — with what a gesture of elegant decision it is placed upon the hip — while the right has the elbow thrown out with an action of freedom and energy. Evidently the girl is not tired, or the elbow would seek support against the chest. Her hands, too, are finely shaped, and the fingers spread themselves rather daintily. I wonder if so light a grasp as that of the right hand on a few ears of wheat would really hold the sheaf in place upon her shoulder. I wonder, also, how her bare shapely feet withstood the prickles of the stubble? Notice that Millet's women have prudently kept on their clumsy wooden shoes.

"But now turn the enquiry toward your own experience. If you went into a wheat-field where peasants were gleaning, would you expect to see a beautiful, proud girl like Breton's unfatigued by her toil, or homely women like Millet's? I fancy you would be more likely to meet the latter, and I doubt if anywhere in France you might come across such a type as Breton's, which is rather that of the women of the Roman Campagna, a noble remnant of the classic times. She is unquestionably a beautiful creature.

"But beauty does not consist only in what is pleasing to the eye; there is a beauty also which appeals to the mind. 'Truth is beauty, beauty is truth.'"

This picture was exhibited at the Salon of 1877, and hangs in the Luxembourg. Its dimensions are about six by three feet. It is signed and dated "à Courrières, 1877."

'RETURN OF THE GLEANERS'

PLATE VI

AFTER the success of the 'Little Gleaner' in the Salon of 1863 Breton made many studies of gleaners, both individually and in groups. "One day he executed," says M. Vachon, "in the forest of Fontainebleau a landscape of the Gorge aux Loups. The sun was just disappearing under a cluster of willows and poplars which dominated a field of wheat . . . and here a young girl appeared, large and straight, in a tone admirably cold upon the tawny air, her contours bathed in light. He had a glimpse of the peasant women of his Artois, returning from the fields of wheat; and on his return to Courrières he made the 'Return of the Gleaners' of the museum of the Luxembourg, exhibited at the Salon of 1859. The sun is just disappearing behind the hillocks; following old usages, it is the moment when the gleanings must come to an end. A group of women, young and old, direct their steps towards the village, their sheaves upon their heads or upon their shoulders, and their separate blades of wheat in their sac or in their aprons. One gleaner fastens her bunch in a hurry; another rapidly picks up a forgotten blade. Leaning against a post, the guardian of the field calls to the late ones that they must hurry. A shepherd gently gathers his sheep and leads them towards the farm which we perceive in the background, on the edge of the wood."

M. Doucet says of it: "There is nothing more biblical than this human

troupe. . . . Before so great amplitude and simplicity I thought I was living again in the time of the patriarchs."

The picture measures about three by six feet, is signed and dated.

'THE COMMUNICANTS'

PLATE VII

M. JULES BRETON has in this picture changed his usual setting of a wheat-field, with its distant horizon, to the center of a charming, picturesque little village, with its thatched cottages surrounded by graceful shade-trees. A group of young girls are forming in a procession to go to the village church for their first communion, and one little girl is first taking leave of her grandparents and receiving their blessing.

"It seems that Jules Breton must always remain young and vigorous and that each Salon is for him an occasion to signalize himself as a man of delicate tastes and a purist," writes M. Ducroz in *L'Artiste*. "In his 'First Communicants' of the Salon of 1884, the master painter, who has for so long a time taught us to observe the values, plays with all these difficulties. We feel these young girls shiver. What charm in that little girl whom her grandmother embraces and to whom her grandfather holds out his arms! How striking is that group of Communicants in so pure a white, and that peasant-woman who follows them draped in a cloak in the grandest style! It is a picture of the peasantry, seen at its best; and to add to the poetry of the subject, the scene takes place in a landscape full of sun, of the springtime, all filled with flowers."

'END OF THE DAY' [DETAIL]

PLATE VIII

OUR plate gives us the central group in the principal picture, which Jules Breton sent to the Salon of 1865. M. Paul Mantz, commenting on the Exhibition of that year, writes: "I would not wish to grieve the historical painters, the religious painters, the narrators of legends and mythology, but I would almost be tempted to tell them that there is at the Salon a simple picture of genre which has more character and style than their more dramatic recitations, than their more learned inventions. This picture is the 'End of the Day,' by Breton; it is not a complicated work, and there is no need of having studied the humanities to understand it. But the humble spectacle of rural life has sometimes a serenity which resembles grandeur. M. Breton, whose talent is dear to us and who by a happy privilege has always merited his success, excels in painting these tranquil and almost august scenes of work in the open air. In mingling much poetry and much reality, he arrives at results which are a feast for the eyes and a joy to the heart; and notwithstanding that, he does not depart from the humble world of rustic workers, and the countrysides of Pas-de-Calais are his whole horizon. The hay-makers have finished their day; one of them, standing and leaning upon a rake, looks vaguely at something. She dominates by her fierce silhouette the group of her companions who are preparing to leave the field. . . . The heavens are empurpled with the last blushes of the setting sun, and the light, already less colored, is spread with sweetness upon the plain increased in size. The day has been hot; and it seems that warm floods still bathe the fields. The effect

is so just, the values hardly evident, the light and shade so delicately noted that one feels one's respiration freer before this picture, and one would expect to breathe in with the air the fresh odors of the new-mown hay. The figures, surely and largely drawn, have a sort of vigorous elegance, and a severe charm; they are made for the landscape, and the landscape is made for them. All is harmony and serenity in this picture, and the 'End of the Day' is perhaps, amongst the works which M. Breton has shown us up to the present, the most complete, and in its apparent calm, the most moving."

This canvas was bought originally by Prince Napoleon, but is now in the Gallis Collection at Epernay.

'THE SIFTER OF COLZA'

PLATE IX

TWO years after 'The Song of the Lark,' in 1886, Breton sent 'The Sifter of Colza' to the Salon. Again we have a picture of work in the fields at Artois, only this time it is one of those splendid decorative pictures which the artist was so fond of painting about this time. Standing on a matting spread down over the ground, a stalwart, graceful young peasant-girl is holding a large sieve and sifting through it the seeds of colza, or colewort. By her side are two half-filled sacs. In the background some men are busy in the fields with flails.

In 1863 Breton had sent a picture of a field of colza in bloom to the Salon, and now more than twenty years later this single figure of a sifter of the golden flower. In his autobiography the artist gives us a charming picture of the delight and comfort which a field of yellow colza had for him once as a child. He had hurt himself, and his old nurse, Henriette, was trying to comfort him. To quote from M. Vachon, "This picture was born of one of those remembrances of childhood, a touching page in the 'Life of an Artist': 'suddenly I point with my finger to the end of the garden, a great mass of yellow so bright, so extraordinarily bright, that, thinking that there was nothing there, I remember it still as a dazzling splendor. Henriette understood my impulses and my extended arms, and carried me towards that marvel, that was none other than a field of colza in bloom. I have never seen again such a field of colza, but all others have rejoiced me because of that one. My nurse picked a branch of it for me, and since then all colzas have smelt good.'"

'THE SONG OF THE LARK'

PLATE X

THE original of this plate, as well as 'The Communicants,' appeared at the Salon of 1885. It is likewise an ideal picture of peasant life, only here we are transported again to the well-known fields of Artois. A beautiful young girl, her scythe in her hand, is startled from her work to listen to the song of a lark, and apparently joins him in his trill. As usual with Breton, the drawing and perspective are perfect, the figure admirably placed on the canvas.

M. Ducroz writes of this picture: "This year, Breton has as always triumphed at the Exhibition; his peasant-girl, haughtily placed, with robust form, is silhouetted upon a sky full of depth. A little lark is slowly rising,

and sings his first song, which a girl of the fields listens to and seems to repeat. This canvas, of an exquisite sentiment, is also full of force in the tone and the values; the pose of the figure is simple and grand without the least playfulness."

We understand that the picture has found its way to the Art Institute at Chicago.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF BRETON IN
WELL-KNOWN COLLECTIONS

BELGIUM. ANTWERP MUSEUM: Portrait of the Artist—GHENT, COLLECTION OF M. TRYBIECKZ: The Return of the Harvesters—CANADA. MONTREAL, LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL: The Communicants (Plate vii)—FRANCE. ARRAS, MUSEUM: Misery and Despair—COURRIÈRES, CHURCH: St. Piat preaching to the Gauls—DOUAI, MUSEUM: Mender of Nets—EPERNAY, GALLIS COLLECTION: End of the Day (Plate viii)—LILLE, MUSEUM: Plantation of a Calvary—PARIS, THE LUXEMBOURG: The Benediction of the Wheat (Plate i): Return of the Gleaners (Plate vi); The Gleaner (Plate v)—OWNED BY THE STATE: The Repose; Evening—M. DE CLERCO: Consecration of the Church of Oignies—MME. DEMONT BRETON: Portrait of the Artist—COUNT DUCHÂTEL: The Weed-gatherers; The Vintagers of the Medoc—M. SENARD, A Spring near the Seashore; Harvest—ST. CLOUD: Little Peasant Girls telling Fortunes (burnt in 1870 with the Château)—UNITED STATES. CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE: The Song of the Lark (Plate x); The Shepherd's Star (Plate iv)—NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: The Grand Pardon in Brittany (Plate ii)—WASHINGTON, CORCORAN ART GALLERY: The Breton Woman (Plate iii).

A LIST OF OTHER PAINTINGS BY BRETON IN PRIVATE COLLECTIONS
ARRANGED CHRONOLOGICALLY

THE Nest—Susannah at the Bath—The Famine (destroyed)—Studio of Jules Breton—The Little Gleaner—Encampment of Bohemians in the Ruins of the Abbey of St. Bavon—The Gleaners—The Day after St. Sebastian's Day—The Grandmother's Sleep—Fire in a Rick of Wheat—The Departure for the Fields—Monday—A Seamstress—The Colza—The Fire—The Grandfather's Birthday—The Haymaker—Towing a Boat—The Guarder of Turkeys—The Reading—Woman making Rope—The Billful—Return from the Fields—A Shepherdess—The Gathering of Potatoes—Heliotrope—The Rivulet—Washerwoman on the Shores of Brittany—The Spinner—Knitter seated under a tree—Girl guarding Cows—The Fountain—The Spring in the Woods—Breton Woman carrying a Taper—The Fig-gatherer—The Cliff—The Fires of St. John—The Fishers of the Mediterranean—The Siesta—The Friends—The Villager—Portrait of Mme. Jules Breton—Woman of Artois—Portrait of Mme. G. P.—Little Peasant Girl sleeping in a Tree—The Rainbow—Evening—Evening in the Hamlets of Finistère—Morning—The Miner's Daughter—Marine—Portrait of Mlle. H. de Heredia—Portrait of Mme. A. Gentil—Portrait of his Niece—Upon the Road in Winter, Artois—The Last Ray—The Gleaner—The Sister of Colza (Plate ix)—The End of Work—Across the Fields—Young Girls forming a Procession—The Call of the Evening—Woman of Douarnenez—Peasants running to a Fire—Portrait of Mme. A. Lemerre—Portrait of Mme. Demont-Breton—Washerwoman—The Last Flowers—Pardon of Kergoat—Summer—June—Remembrance of Douarnenez—The Road of Pardon, Brittany—The Christmas Turkey, Artois—The End of the Harvest, Setting Sun—The River Souchez at Courrières, Twilight—The Last Gleans—In the Plain—After Sunrise—The Harvest of Poppies—Courrières—A Street of the Village of Artois—The Gleaner—The Ricks—The Gleaning.

Breton Bibliography

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DEALING WITH BRETON

THE best works to consult on Jules Breton are the beautifully illustrated monograph by Marius Vachon, published in 1899, and the artist's autobiography written in 1890, entitled 'The Life of an Artist, Art and Nature,' translated by Mary J. Serrano, and published in 1891.

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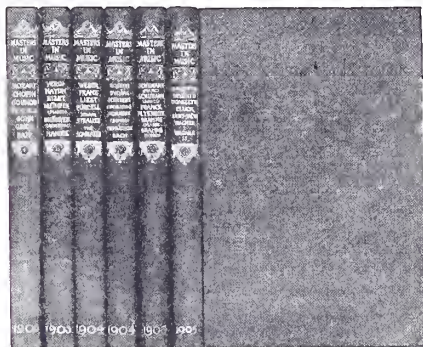
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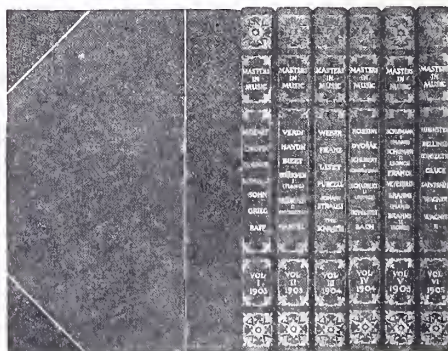
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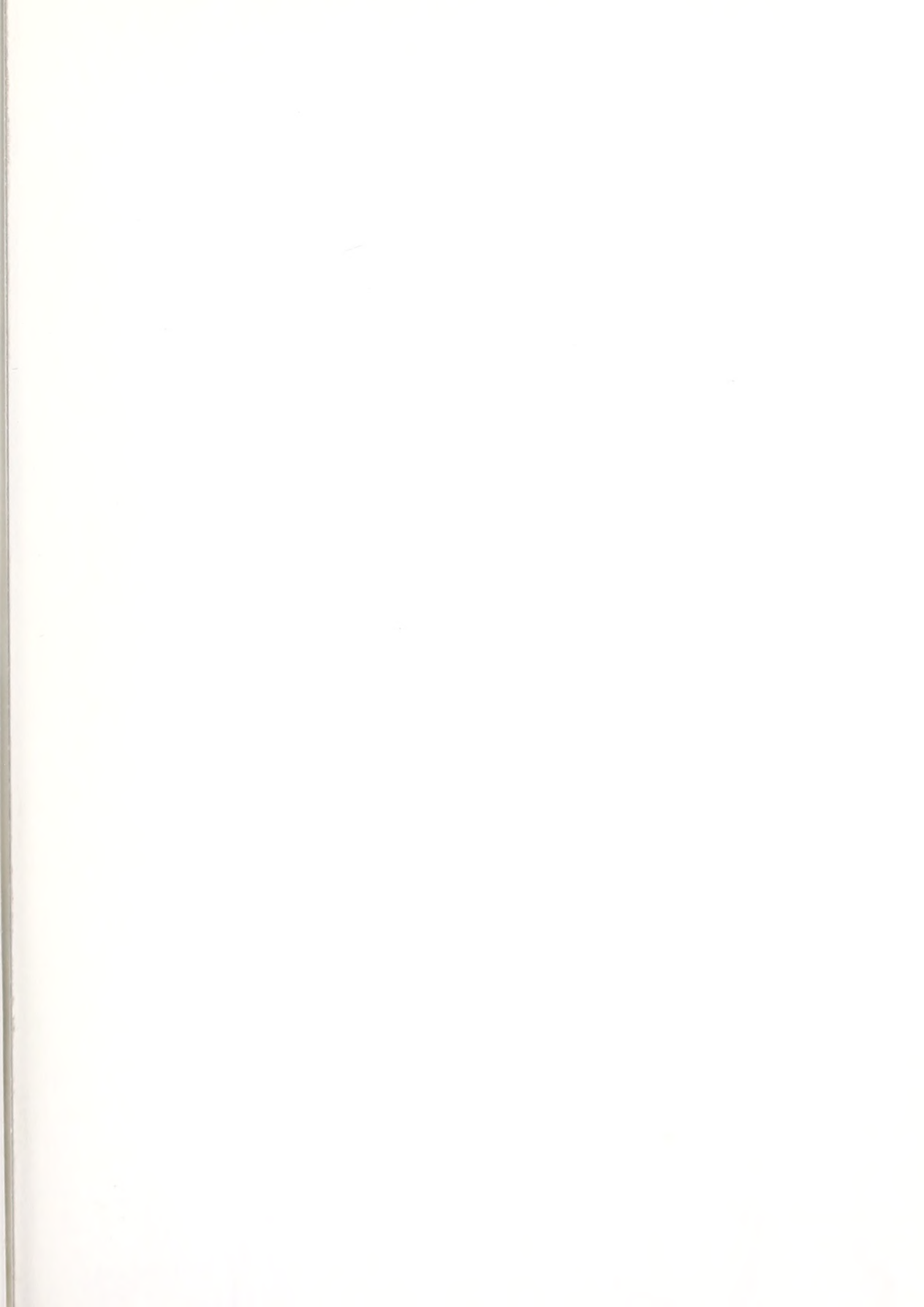
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